



Barney & Betty

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**ALL
NEW**

CHARLTON



PUBLICATION

The **FLINTSTONES'** NEIGHBORS

Barney & Betty

RUBBLE

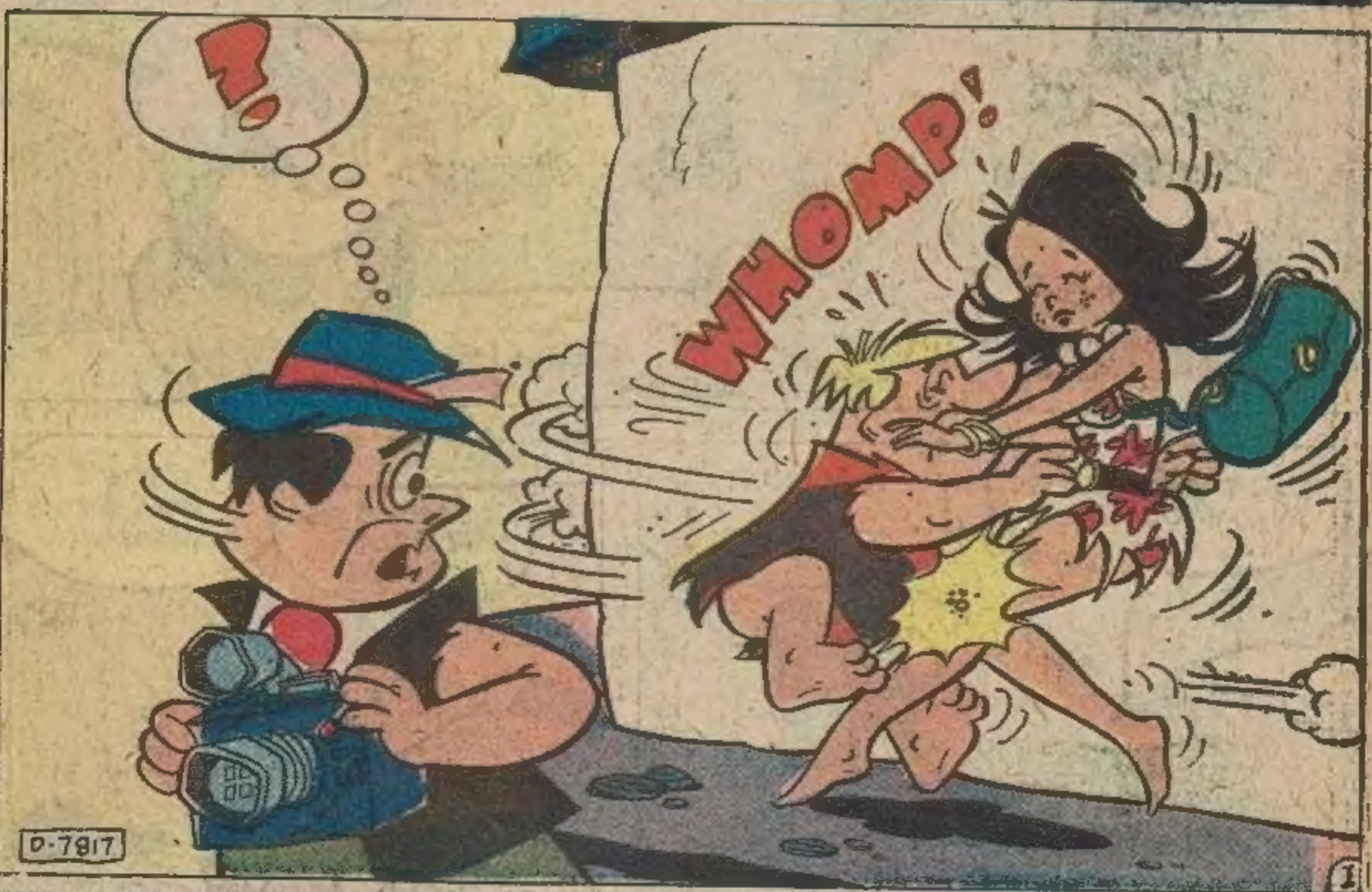
a Hanna-Barbera
Production



Barney & Betty

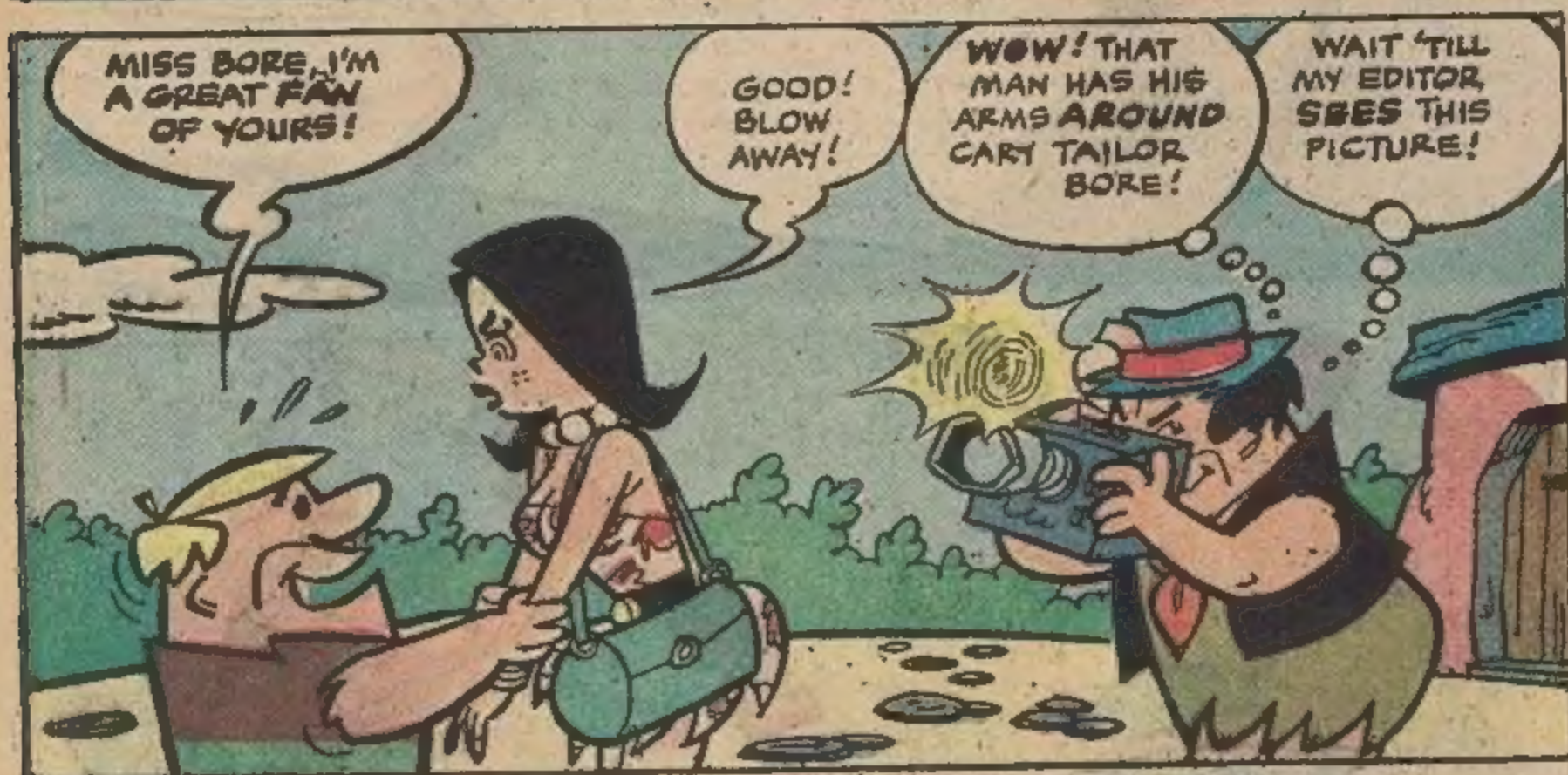
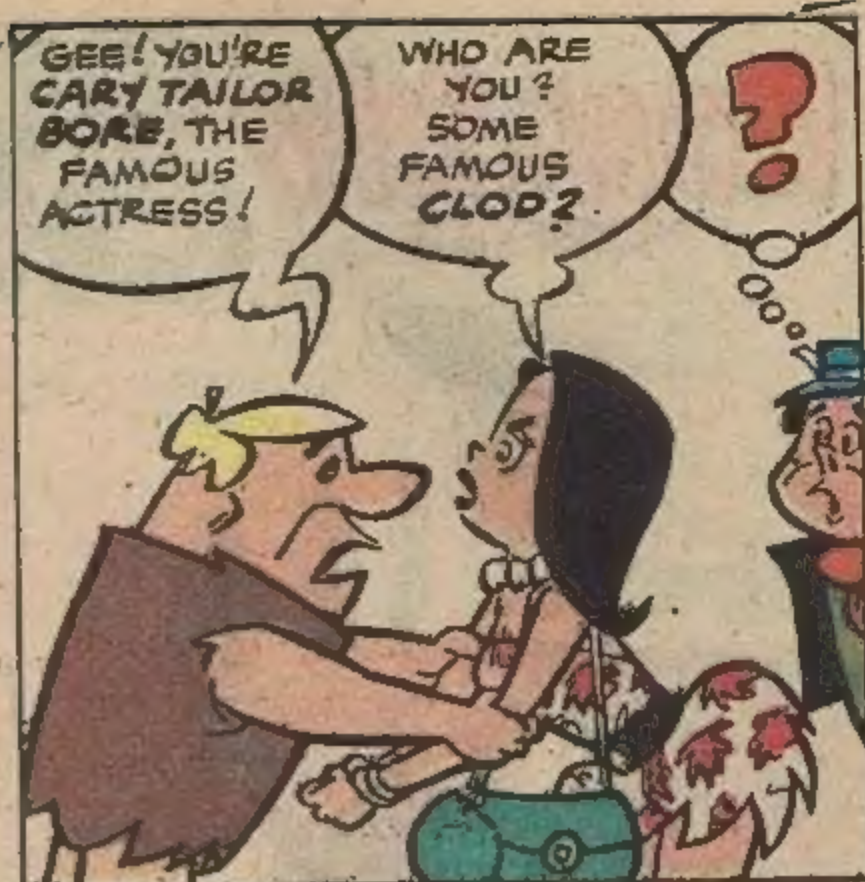
RUBBLE

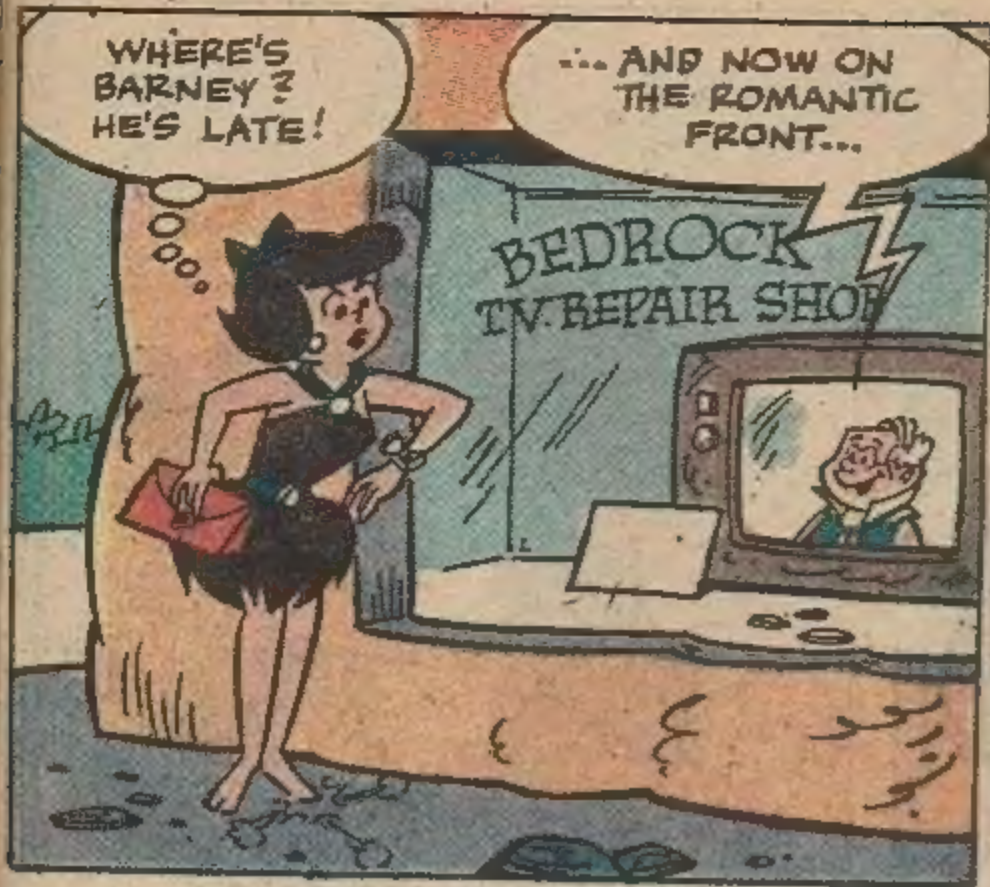
BUMP CHUMP

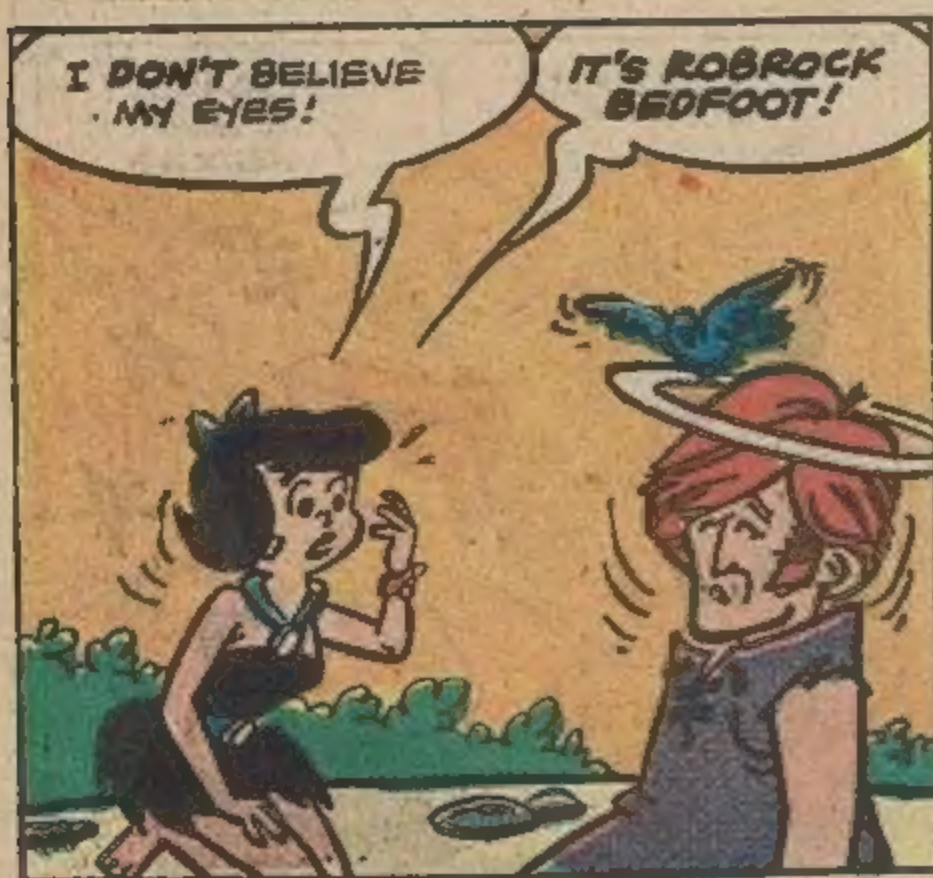
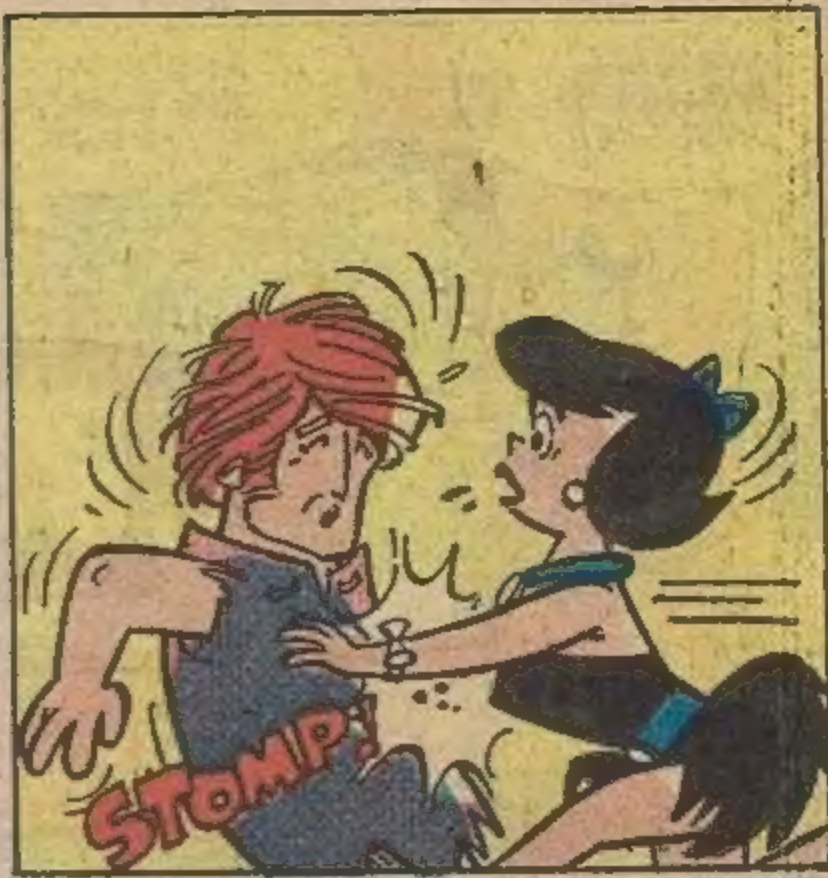


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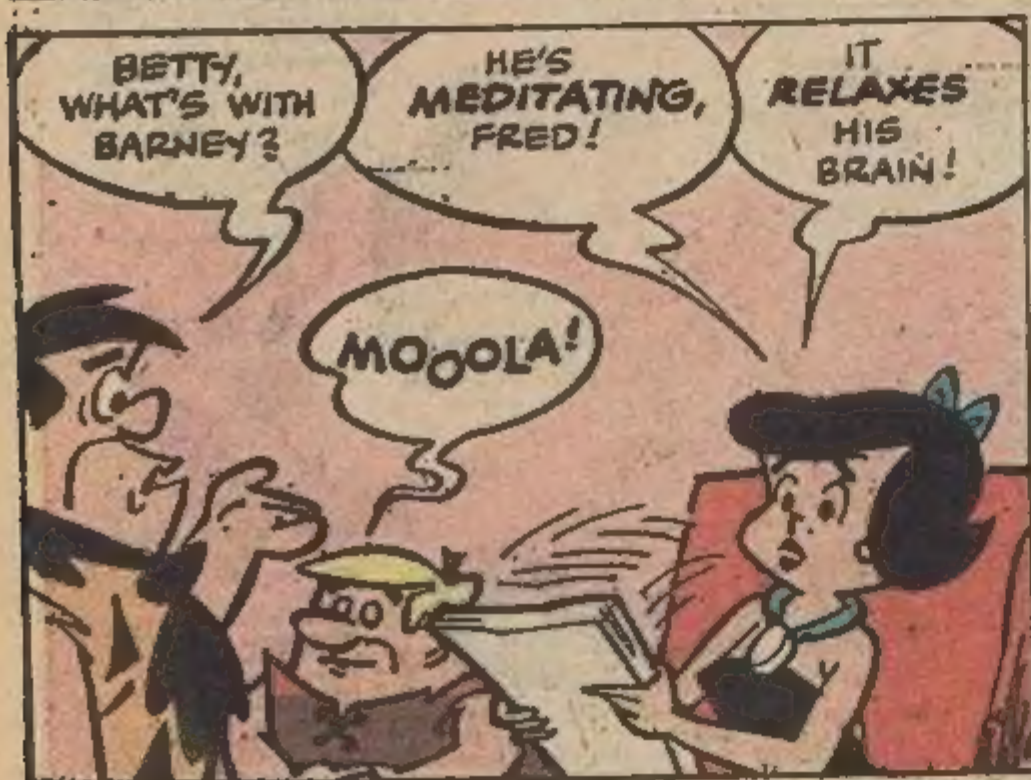
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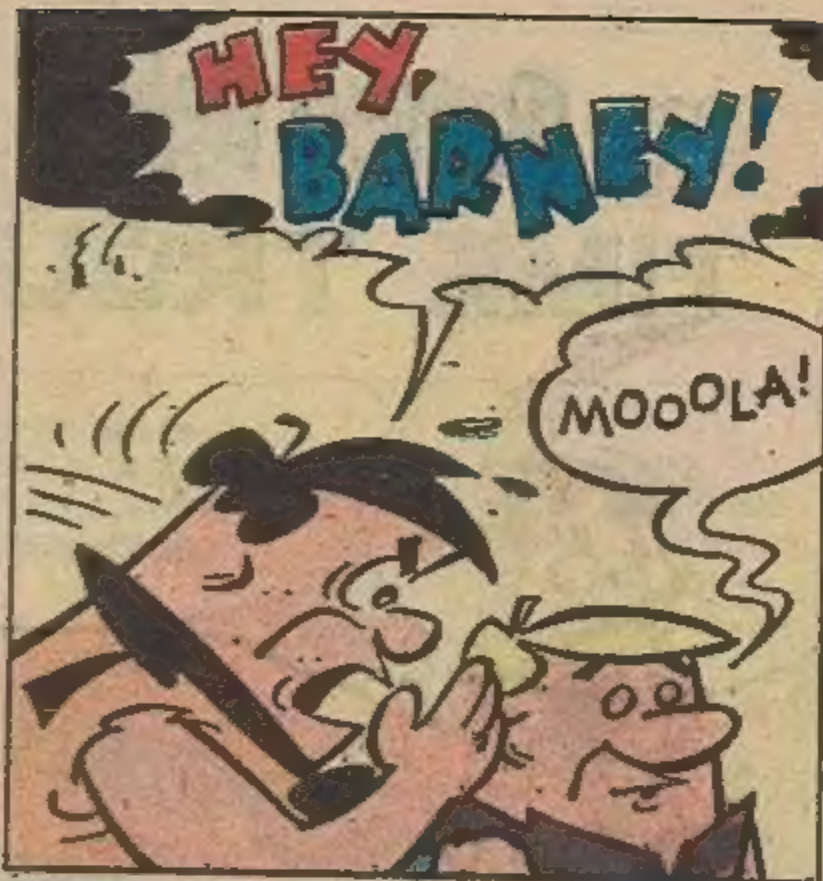
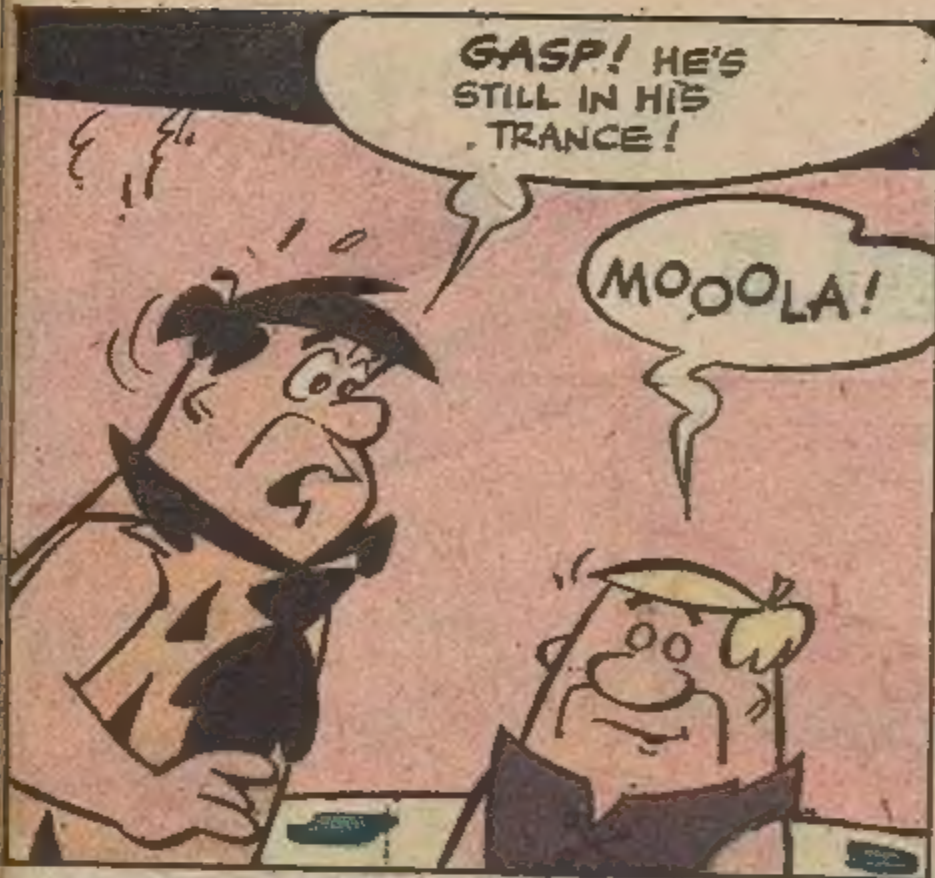






Barney & Betty **TRANCE TRAUMA**





Barney & Betty

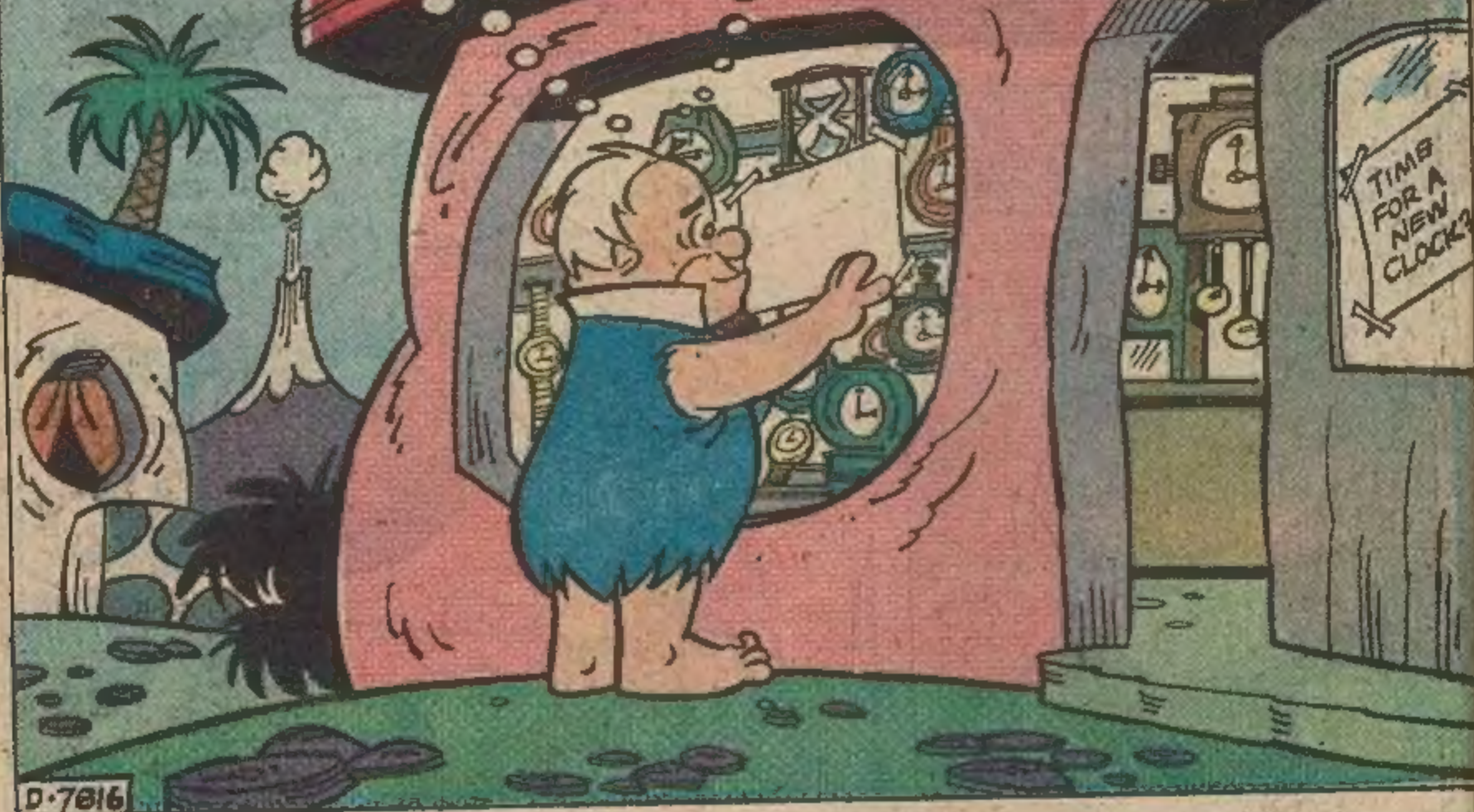
TIME TROUBLE



DARN!
BUSINESS IS
TERRIBLE! SALES
ARE BAD!

I HOPE MY NEW SALES
GIMMICK MAKES TIME
WITH A FEW
CUSTOMERS!

WALLY'S
WATCHES
WONDERLAND



D-7016

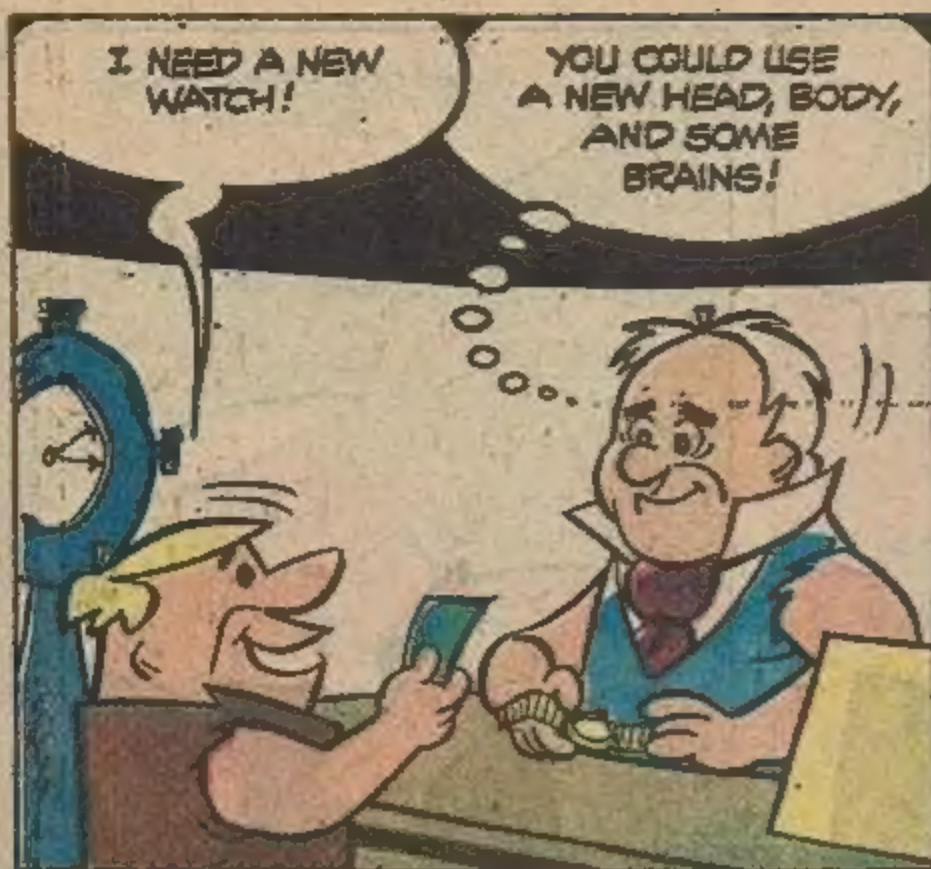
HMMM....I
COULD USE A
NEW WATCH!

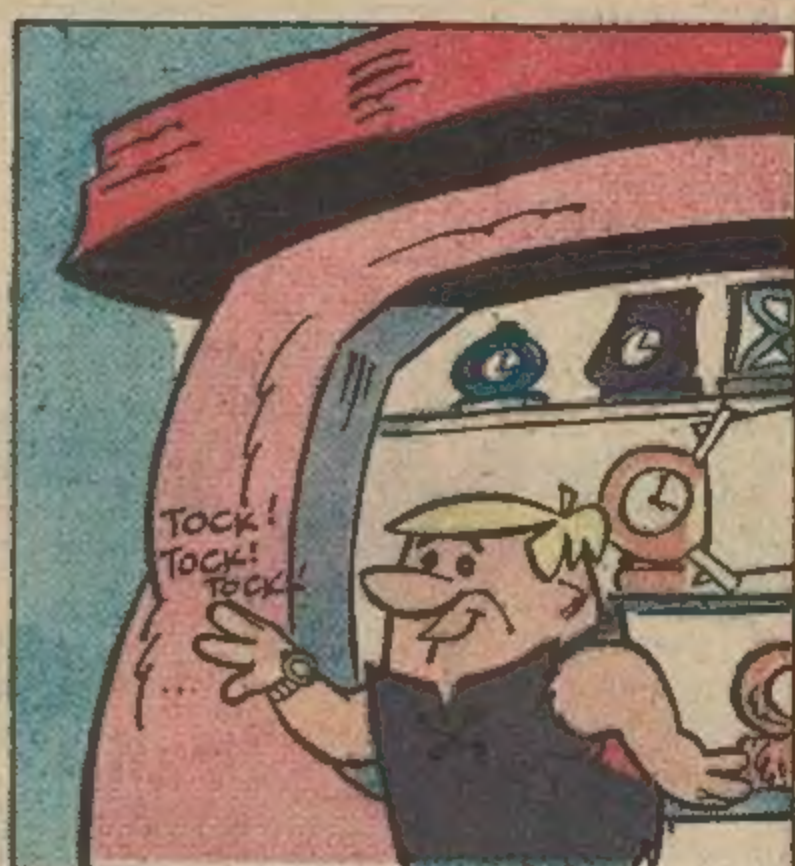


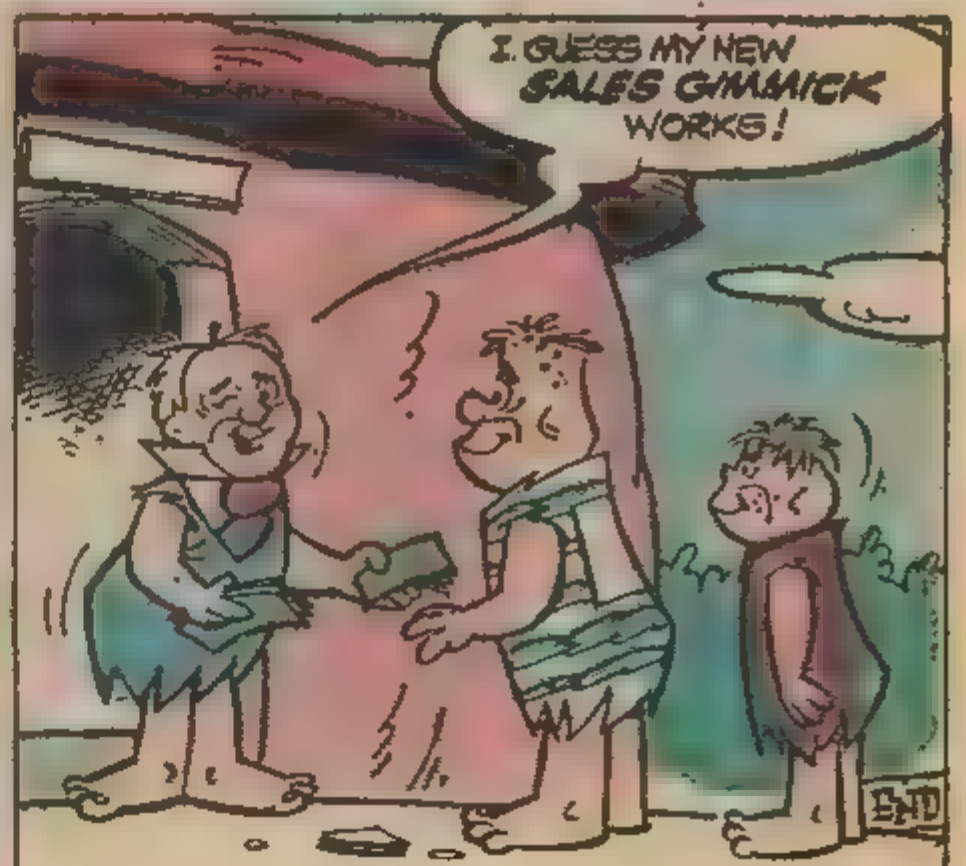
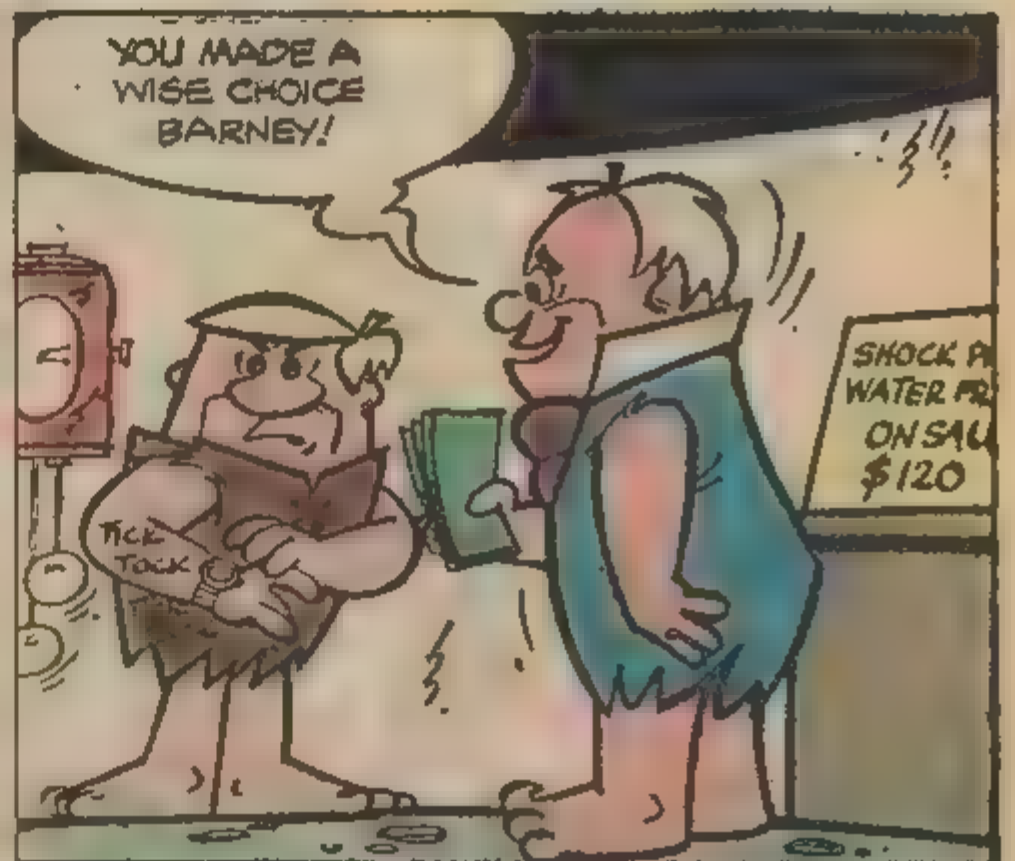
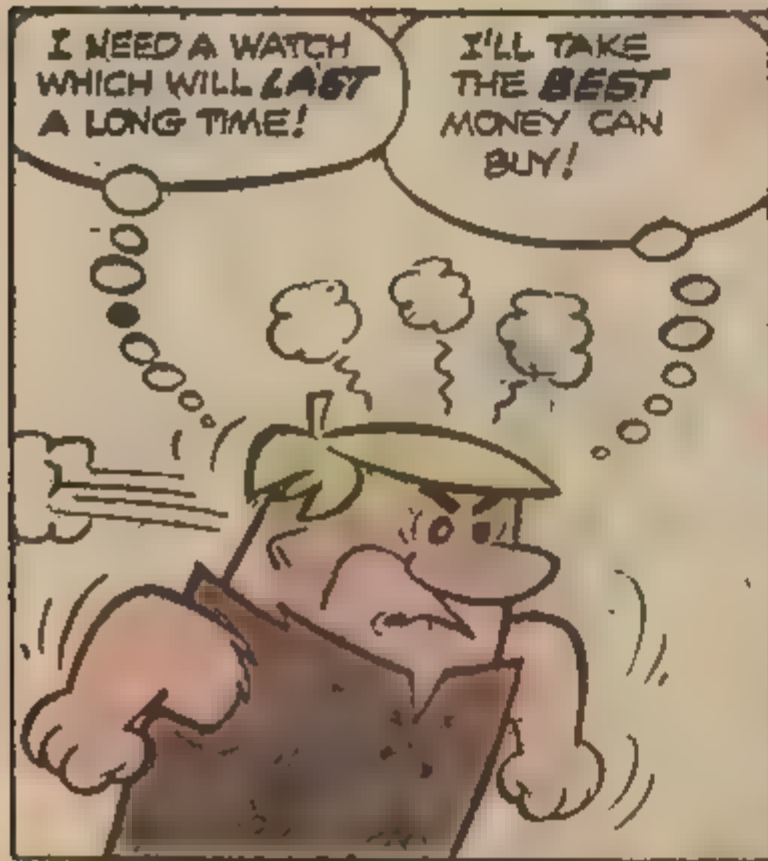
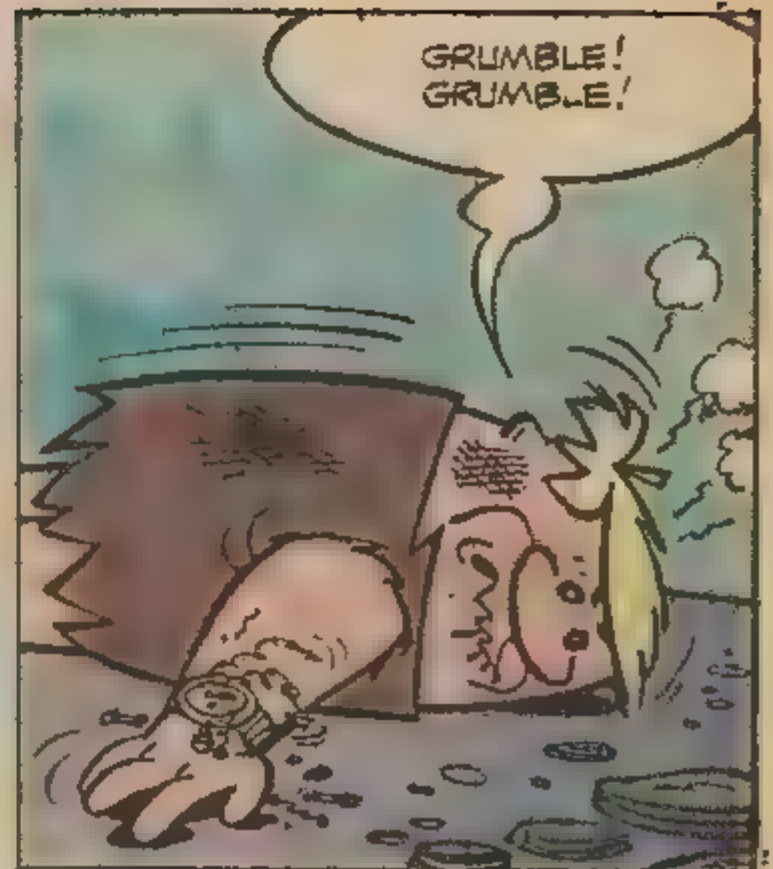
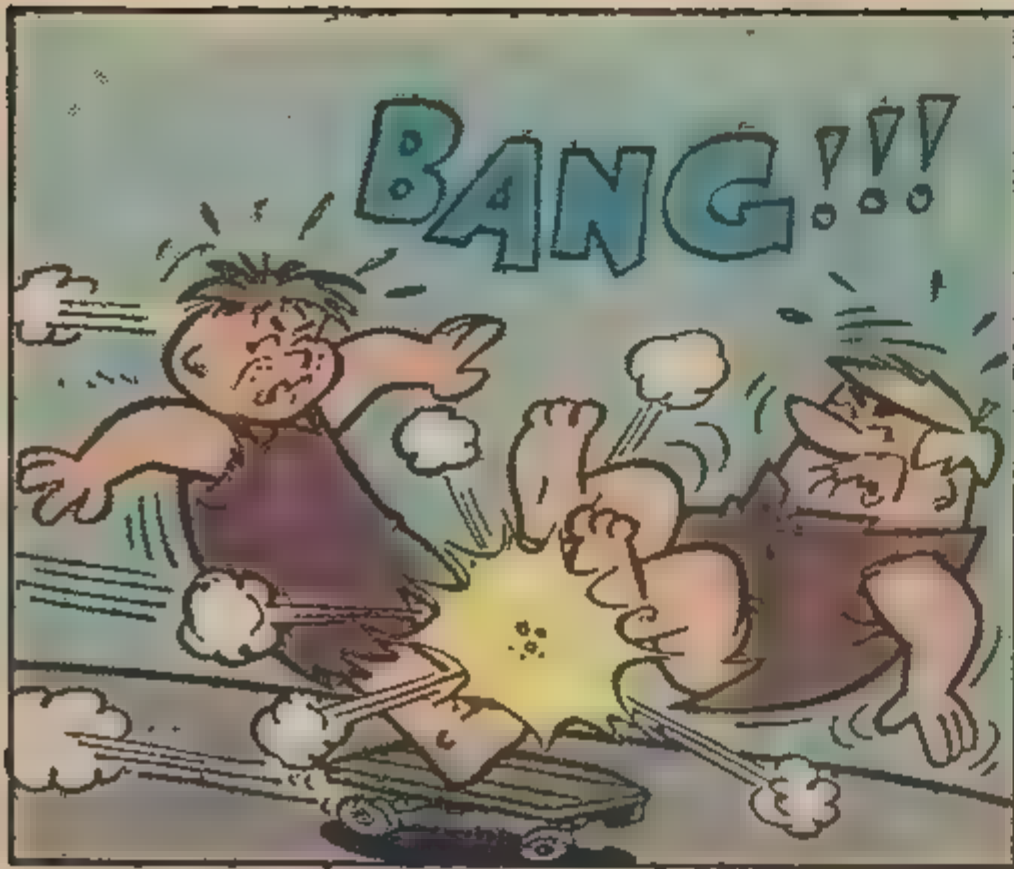
I BROKE MY
WATCH LAST
WEEK!

SINCE THEN...I'VE
HAD NO TIME TO
BUY A NEW
ONE!









Barney & Betty

GRANDMA RUBBLE'S RECIPE

BARNEY ALWAYS SAID YOUR
DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE WITH COCONUT
ICING AND CREAM FILLING WAS
THE BEST HE EVER
TASTED!

YOU'VE GOT THE
RECIPE, BETTY.
BUT DON'T FORGET
THE YARDSTICK!

YARDSTICK?
DID SHE PUT
A YARDSTICK
IN THE CAKE?

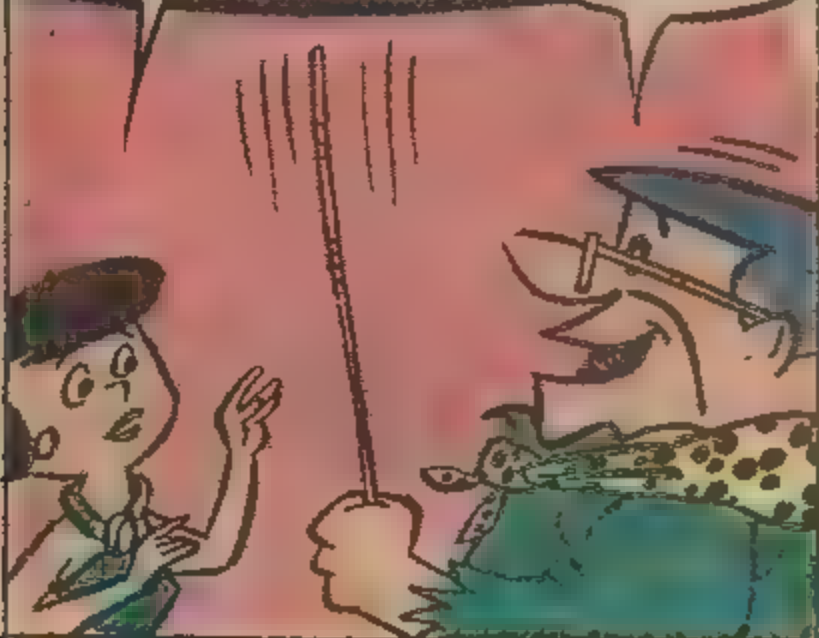


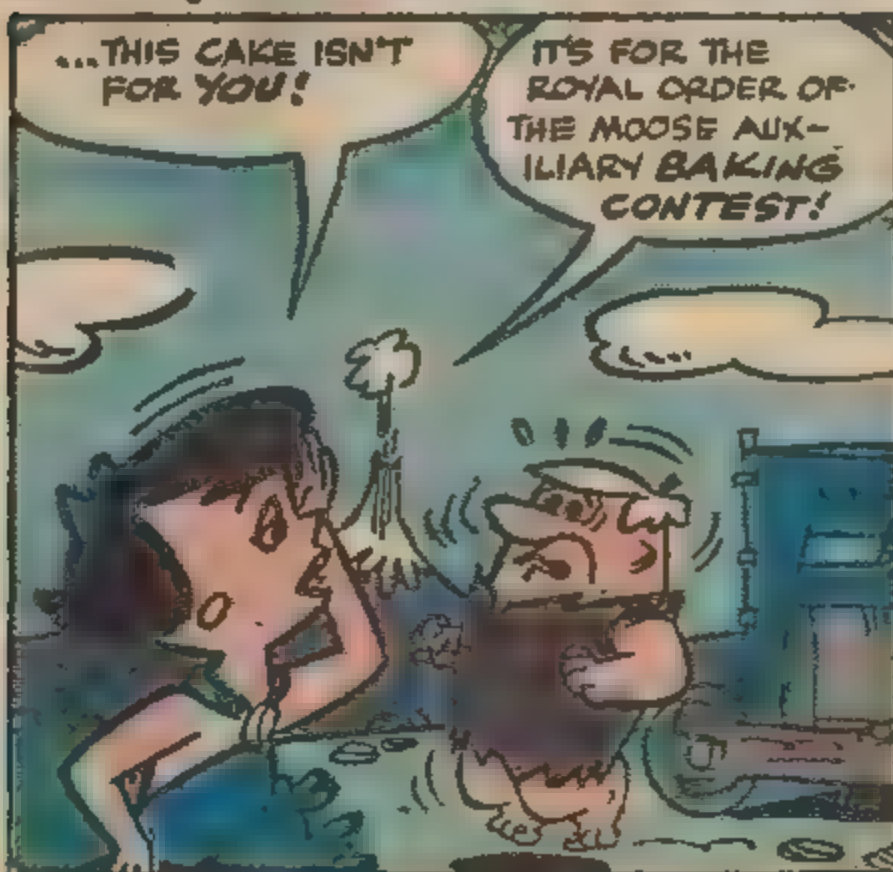
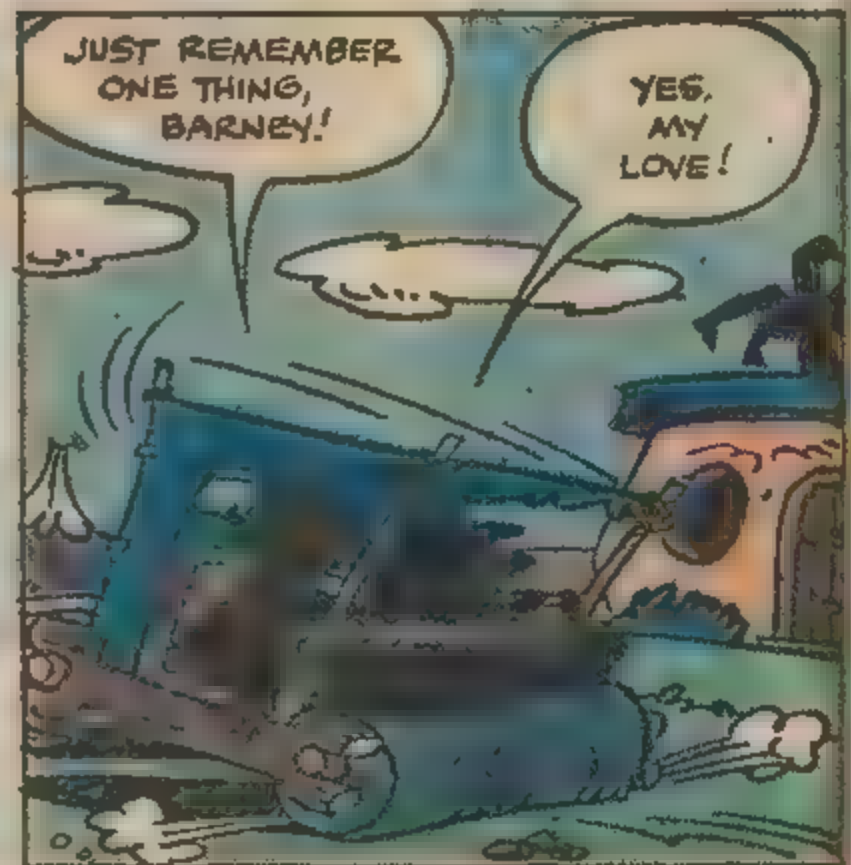
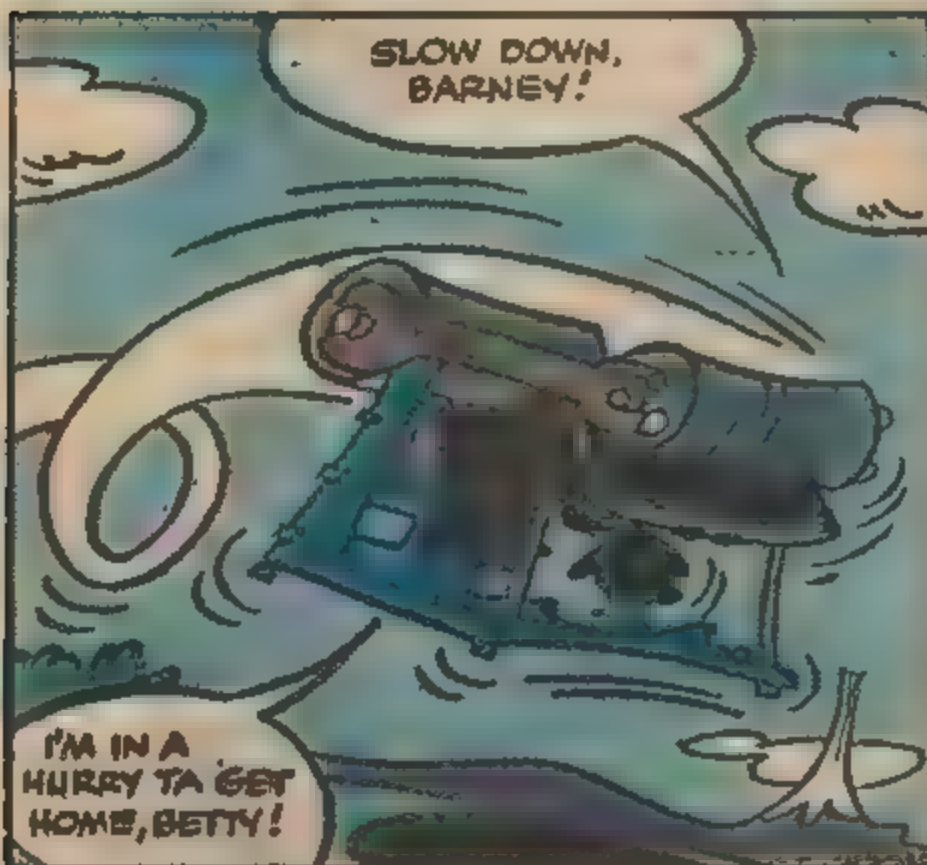
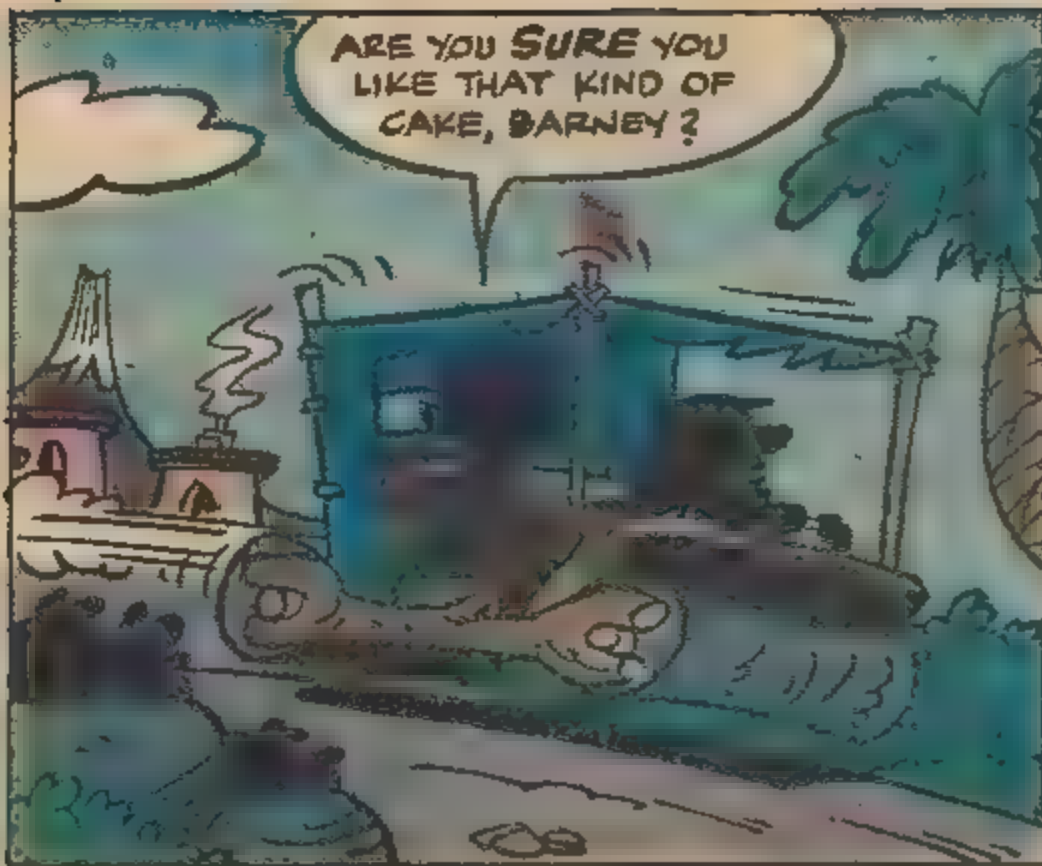
WHAT'S THE YARD-
STICK FOR, GRANDMA
RUBBLE?

THE STICK
- IS...

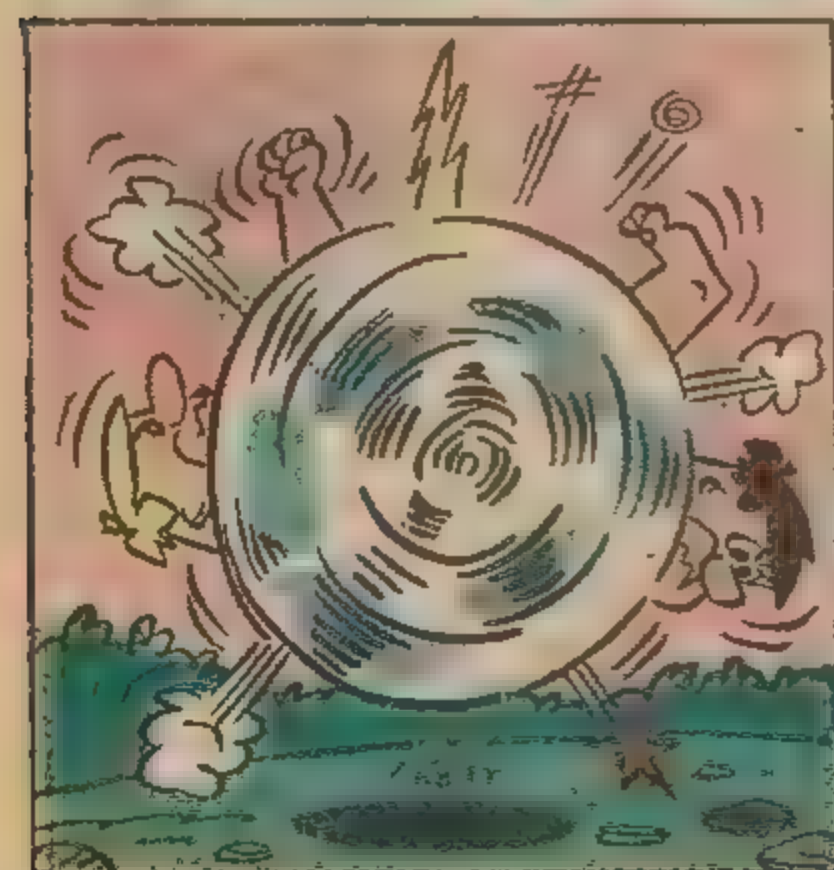
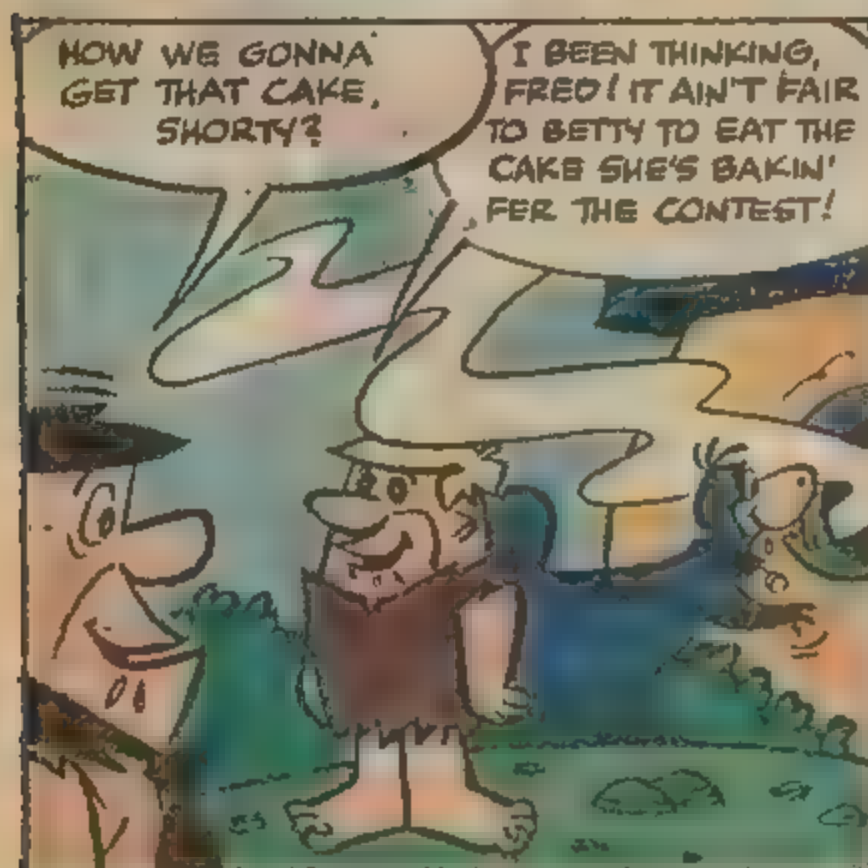
TO HIT BARNEY
WHEN THE RASCAL
TRIES TO TASTE
THE ICING!

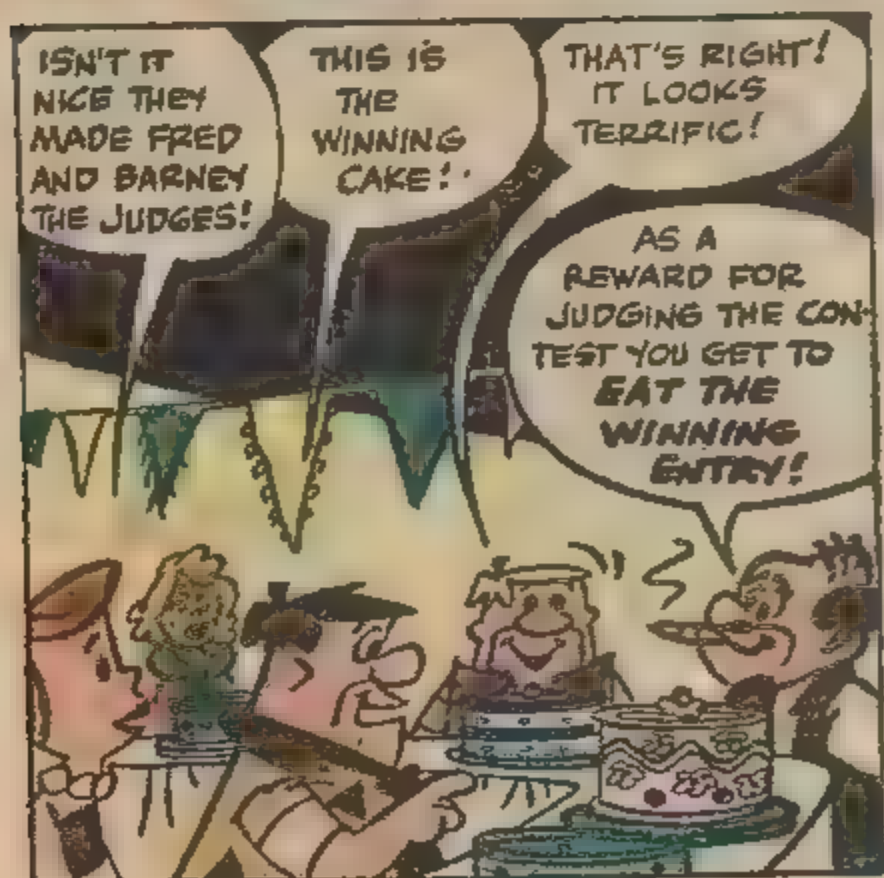
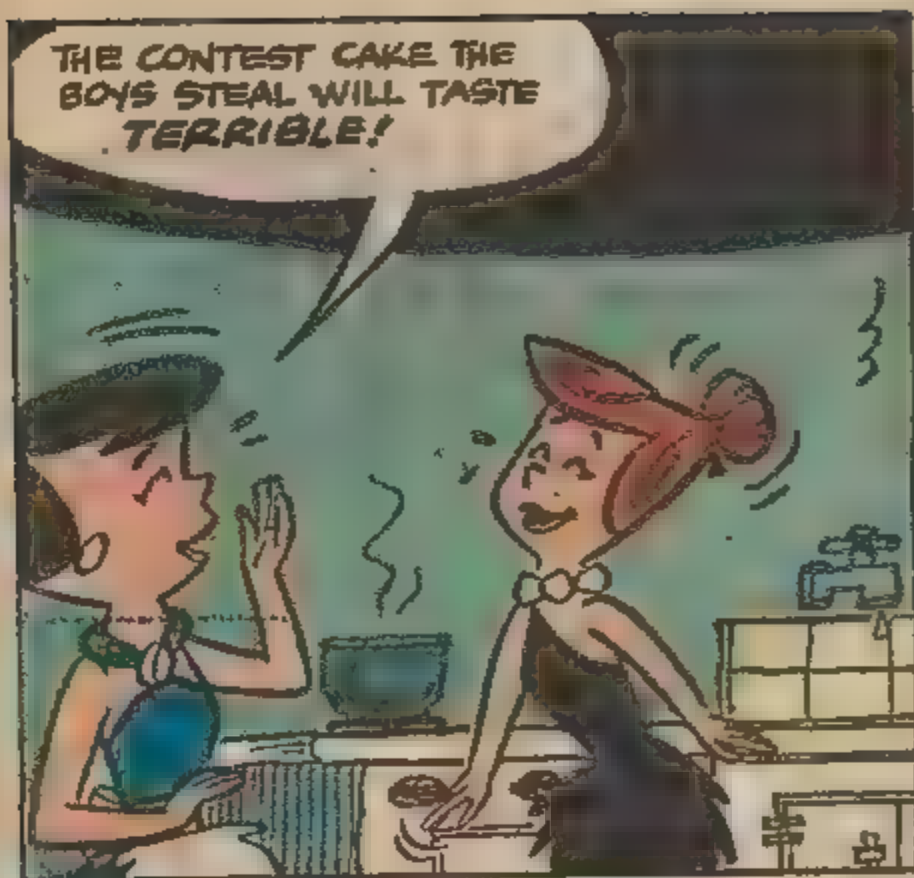
YOWCH!





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SPITE FIGHT



"Quiet, Rubble! The master is now going to show you how to belt a croquet ball," said Fred Flintstone as he lined up his mallet with the ball before him.

Fred wound up like a spring and cracked the ball with his club. The croquet ball sailed through the air over Fred's back yard. Instead of going where Fred had aimed, it sailed near the boundary line between Barney's back yard and Fred's — which was supposed to be out of bounds.

"The ball is in my yard. It's out of bounds. You lose a turn, old buddy!" laughed Barney as he pointed at the spot where Fred's ball had landed.

"That shot is good! The ball is still in bounds," argued Fred. "The property line between our yards is a little further away," he added as he pointed at an imaginary line beyond the spot where his ball was res-

"Don't give me that, Fatsol!" snapped Barney. "I know what is my property and what isn't! You don't want to miss a turn. The ball is out of bounds and you're trying to cheat me!"

"I could beat you if I was blindfolded," answered Fred. "This has nothing to do with who is cheating who! The rules state that if a ball lands in your yard, it's out of bounds. If it stays in my yard, it's in bounds. The ball is in my yard, so it's still in play," screamed Fred as he waved his mallet in front of Barney's nose.

"You have never beaten me in croquet, and that ball is in my yard. It's out of bounds!" yelled Barney angrily.

"It is in bounds!" replied Fred.

"It isn't!" argued Barney.

Soon, the argument was way out of hand. Barney was screaming! Fred was yelling! They were threaten-

ing to do all kinds of terrible things to each other just because they couldn't agree on where the border between their yards was located.

"I'll get a surveyor to come over here! He'll look at the deeds to our house and decide which of us is right," suggested Fred.

"That sounds good to me," agreed Barney.



Fred rushed into his house and phoned a surveyor who came right over. He studied the deeds to the two houses and then mapped out the yards. It turned out that Fred's croquet ball was right on the borderline between the two yards.

"Now, we can go on with the game; after you lose a turn," said Barney.

"Why should I lose a turn?" Fred snapped. "The ball is only half out of bounds!"

"Okay, wiseguy, then only hit half of your stupid ball!" mocked Barney. "No matter what you do, I'm still going to beat you!"

"Wrong, Rubble!" said Fred, who was losing his temper. "I'm going to beat you!" Fred raised his croquet mallet and began to beat Barney over the head with it.

"You'll be sorry you did that, Fatty!" warned Barney. "I'm going to build a fence between our yards so there will be no questions about how much property I own and how much property you own!"

"That sounds fine to me," Fred called as his friend

stormed off in a huff. "If you're going to build a fence, then I'm going to build a fence too!"

That very afternoon, Barney began to build a fence between the two yards. It was hard work, but after a few hours he had erected a high, wooden fence.

As soon as Barney was finished, Fred went to work. He built a high, wooden fence right on top of Barney's fence.

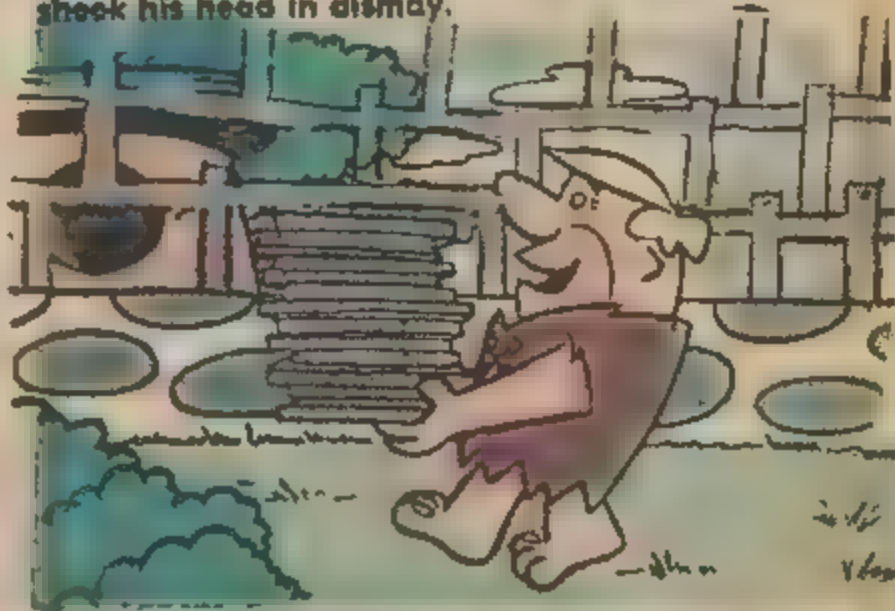
When Barney saw what Fred was doing, he refused to be outdone. He built another fence on top of Fred's fence.

Fence after fence went up, up, up into the sky. Soon the stack of fences was as high as a building.

Fred and Barney were both on ladders hammering nails into their spite fences when the entire structure began to wobble.

"Hold on, Barney! The fence is collapsing," Fred shouted. Suddenly, the entire thing fell apart. Crash! Everything landed all over both back yards. Fred fell into Barney's yard and Barney fell into Fred's.

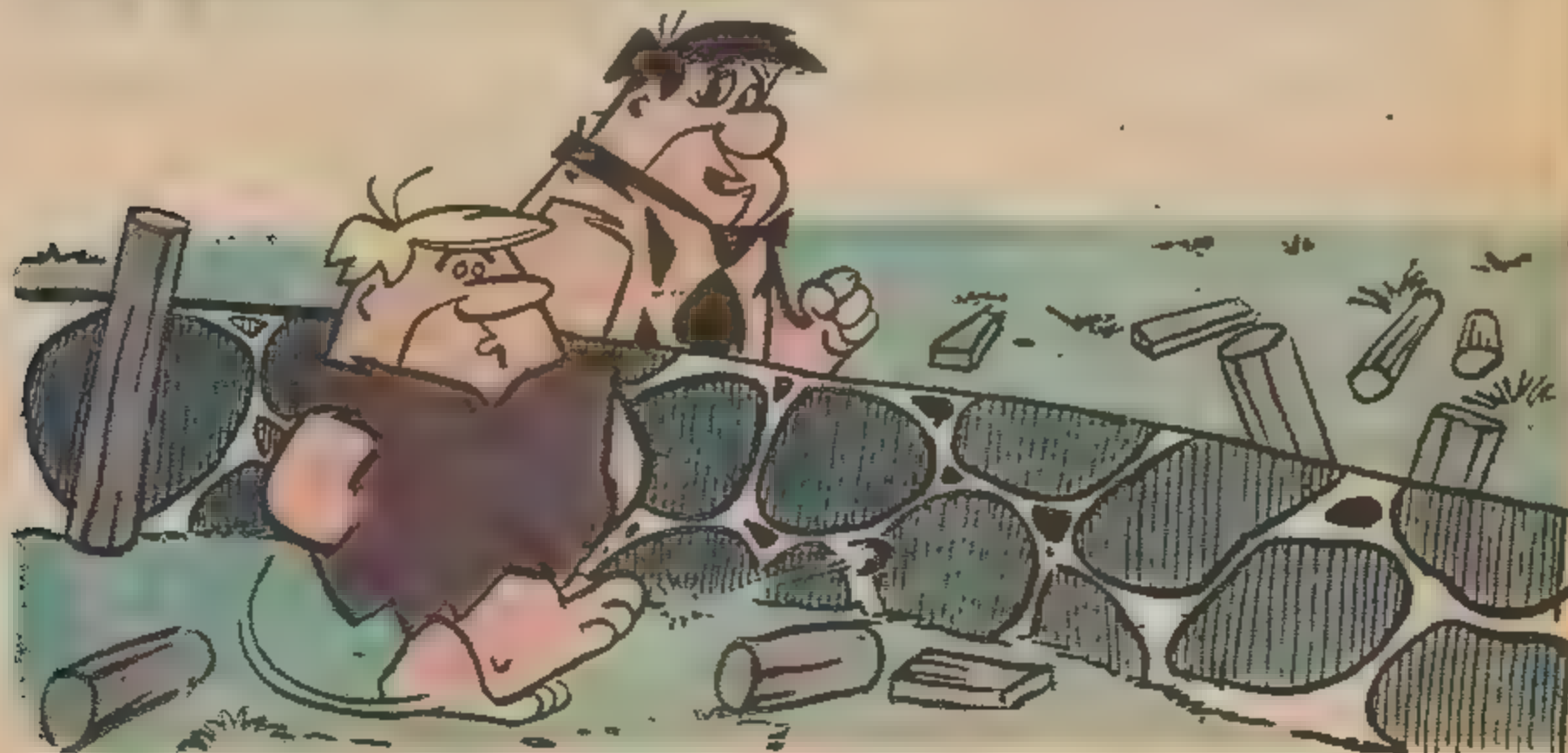
"Look at all the boards and mess we have to clean up just because we were spiteful," said Barney as he shook his head in dismay.



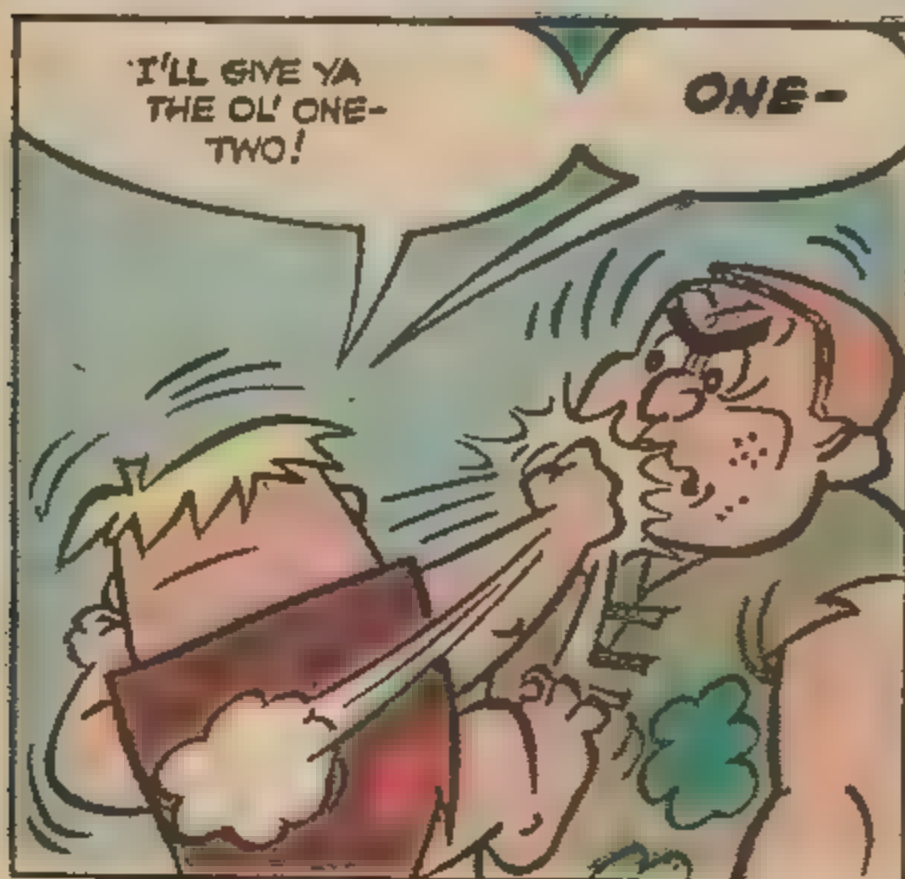
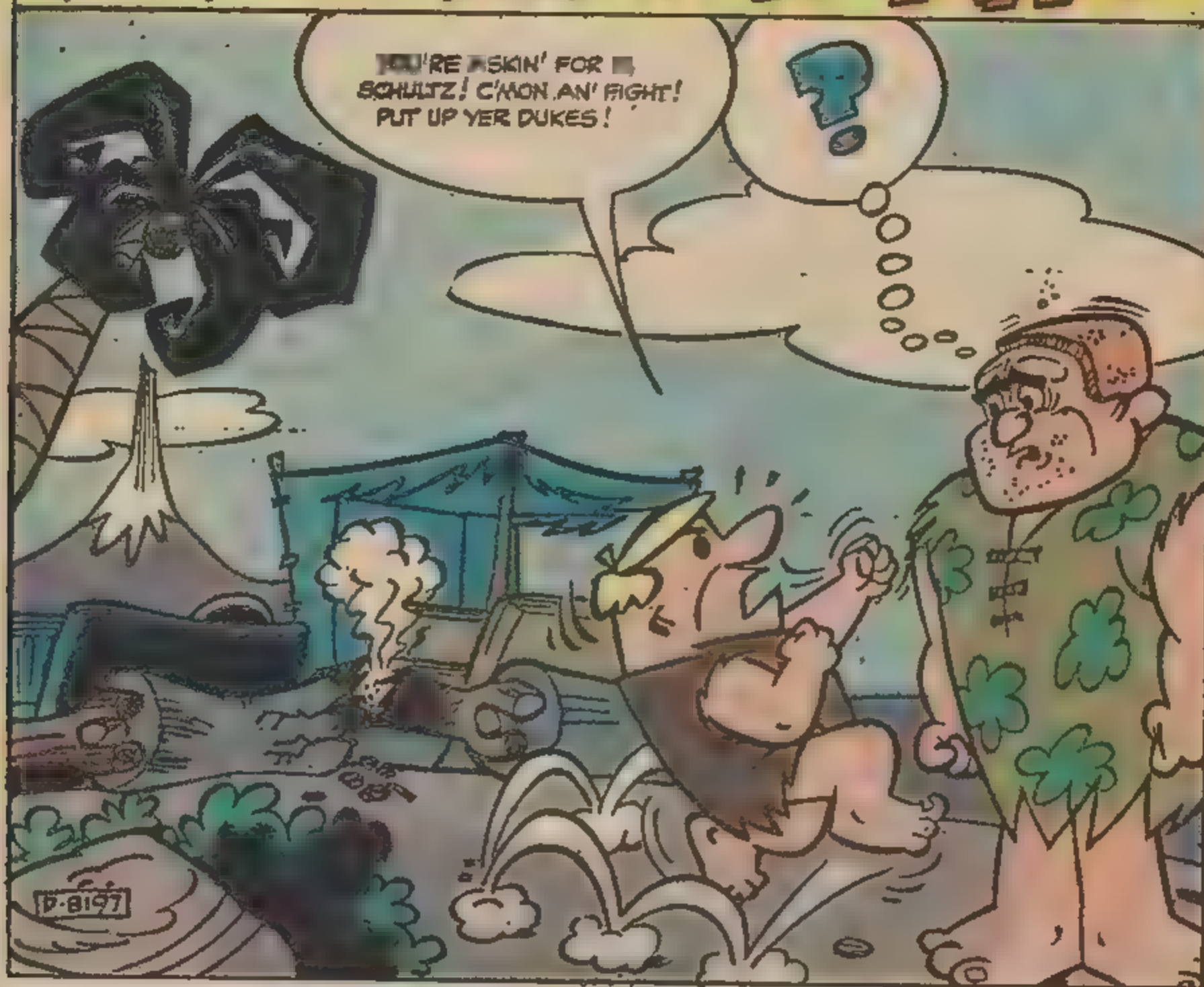
The two friends were sorry and apologized to each other before they started to clean everything up.

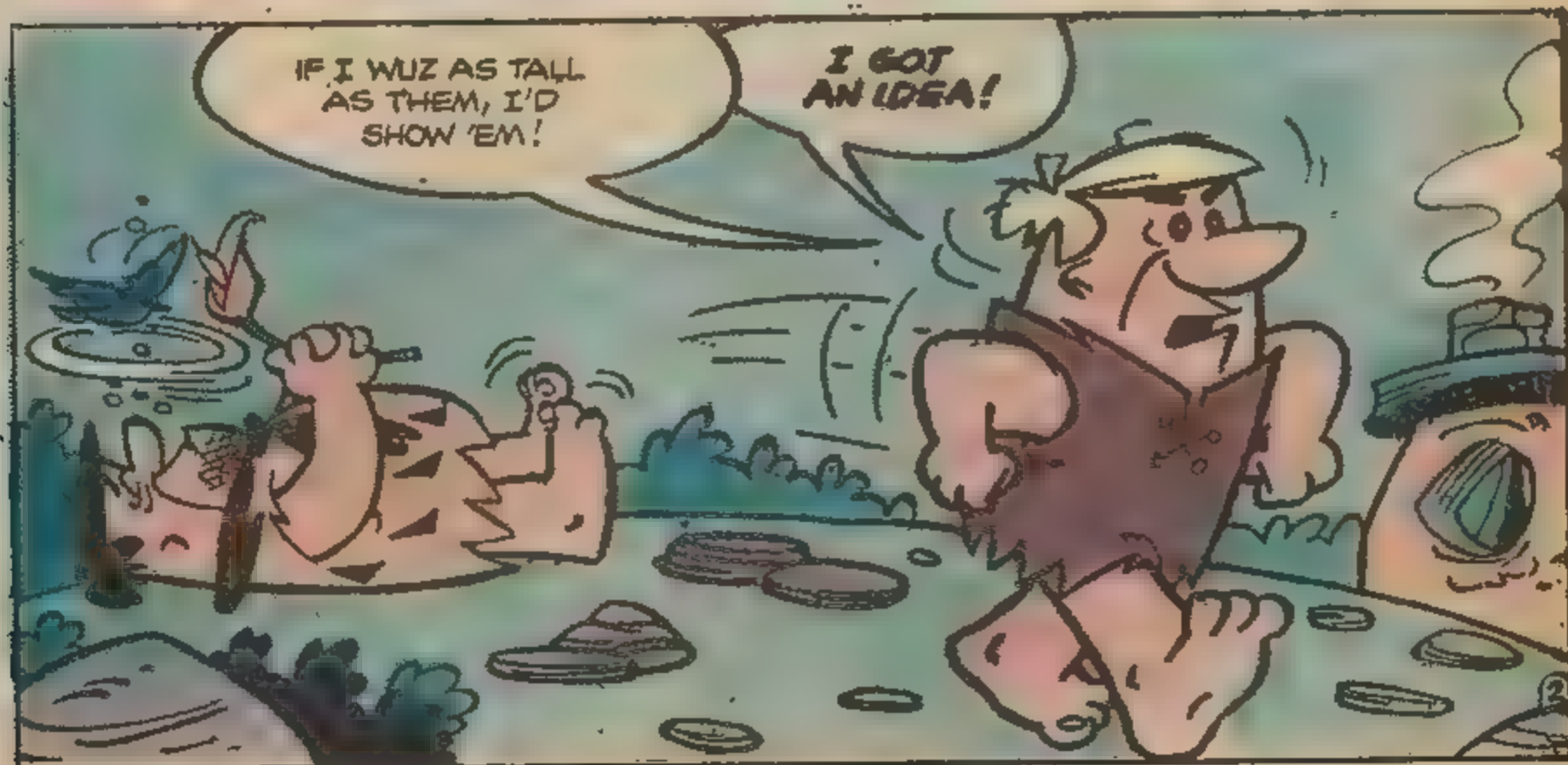
"I've got an idea," suggested Fred. "You clean up your side and I'll clean up mine!"

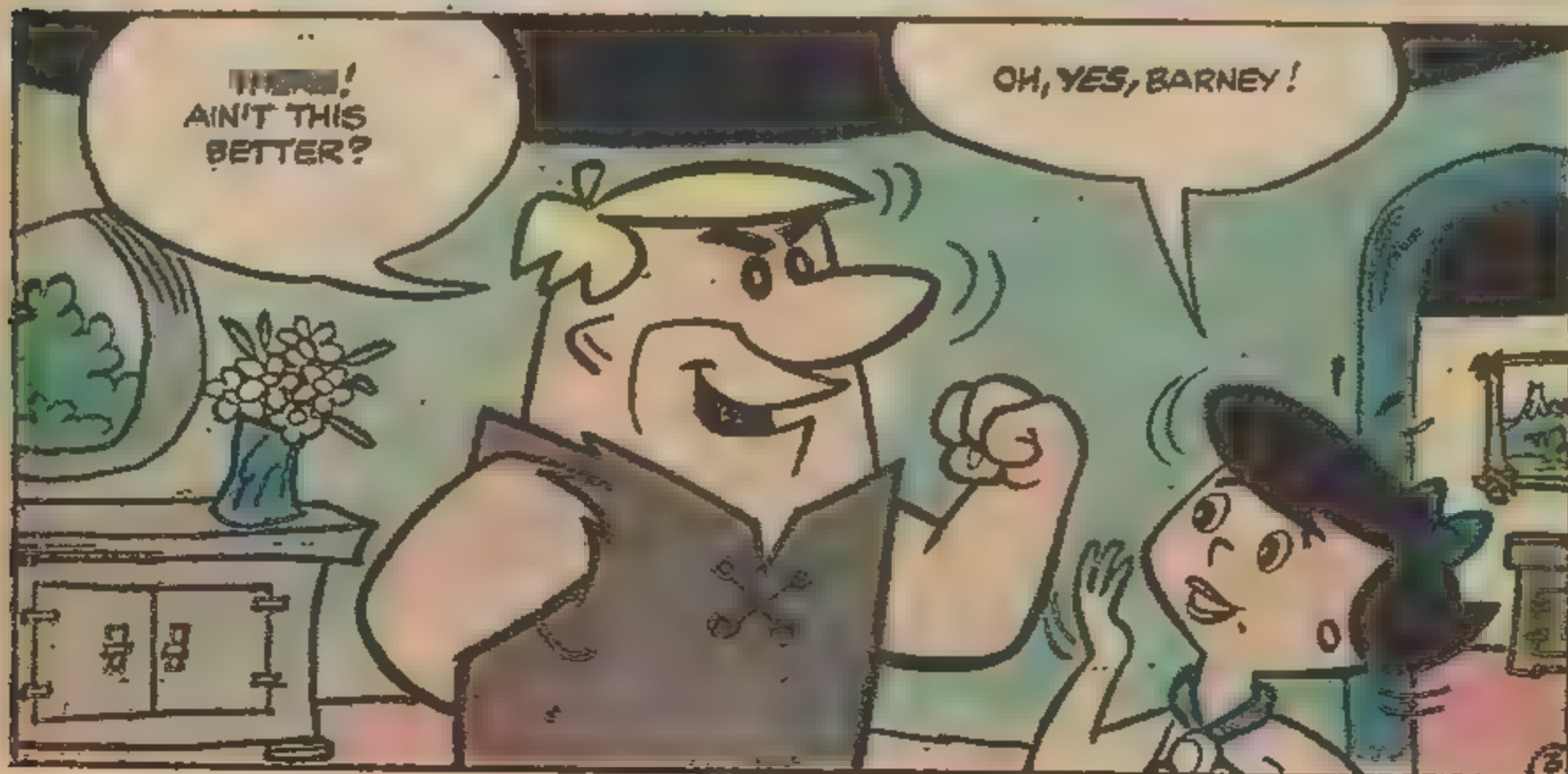
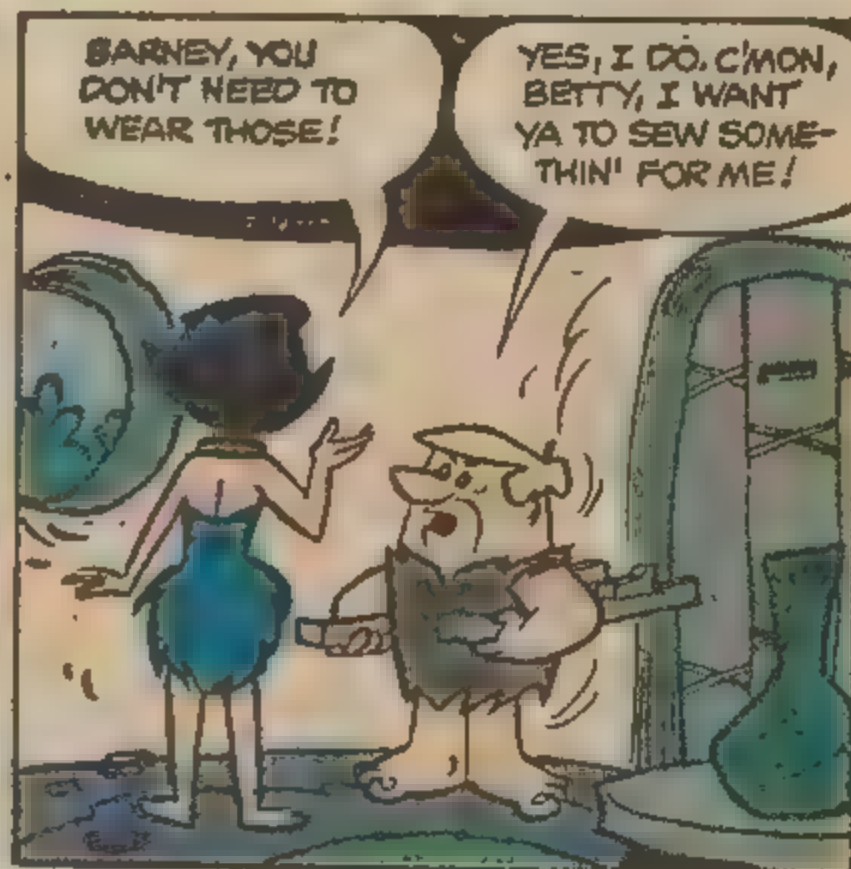
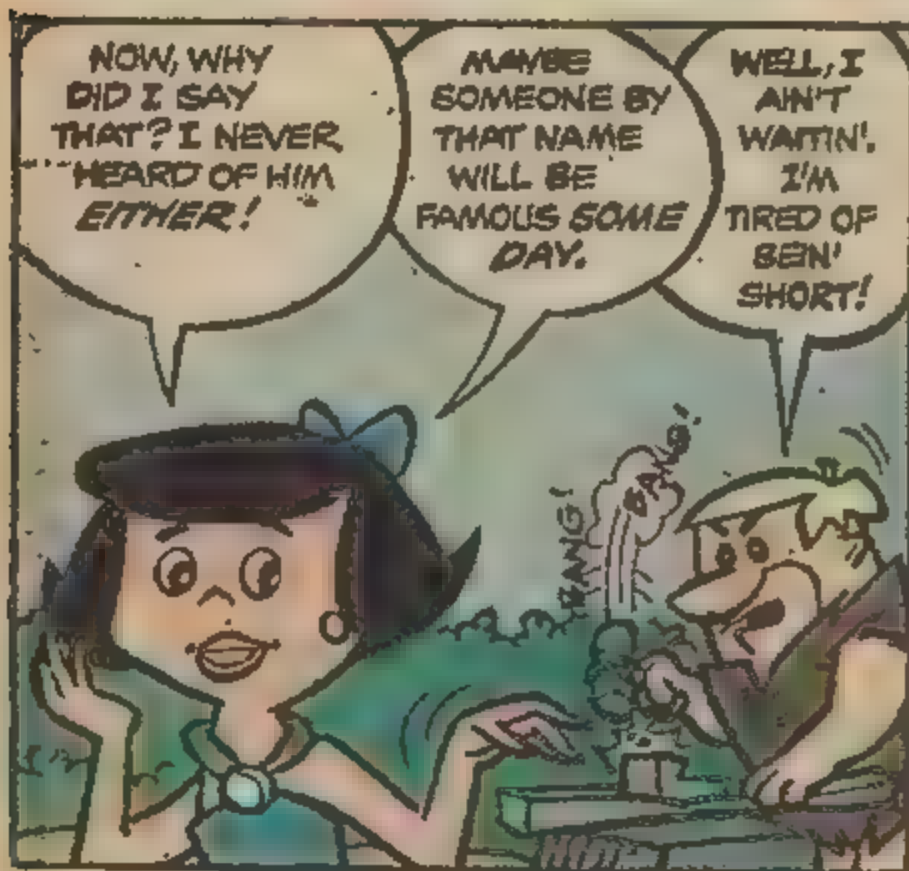
"Let's not start that all over again," laughed Barney.

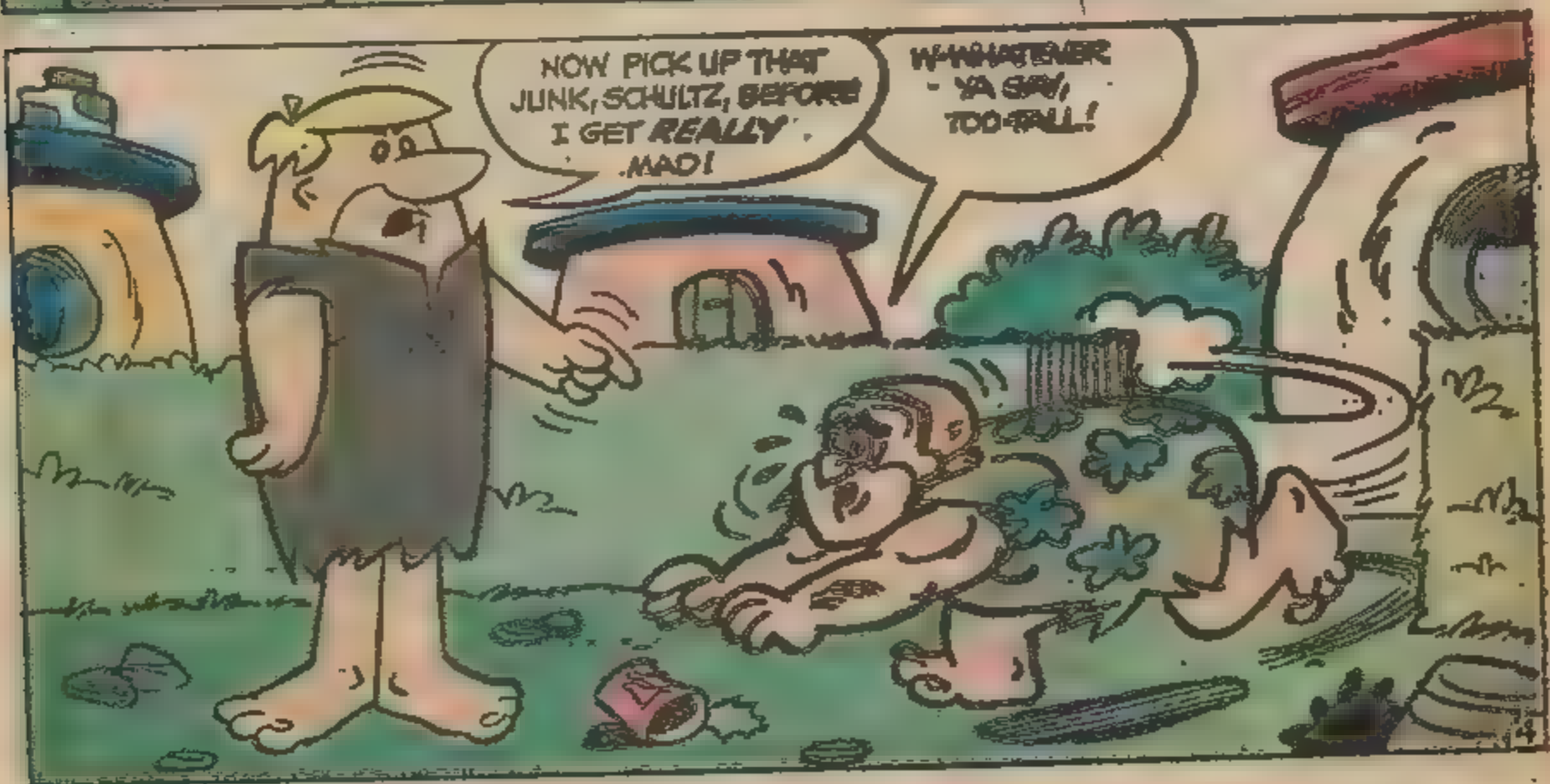
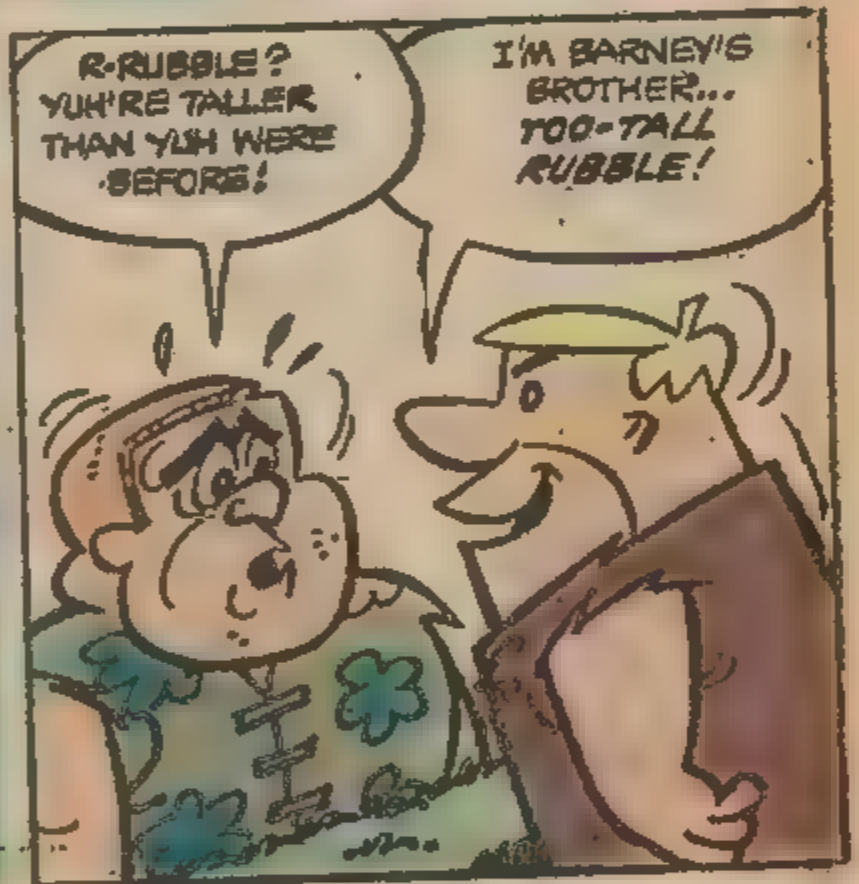
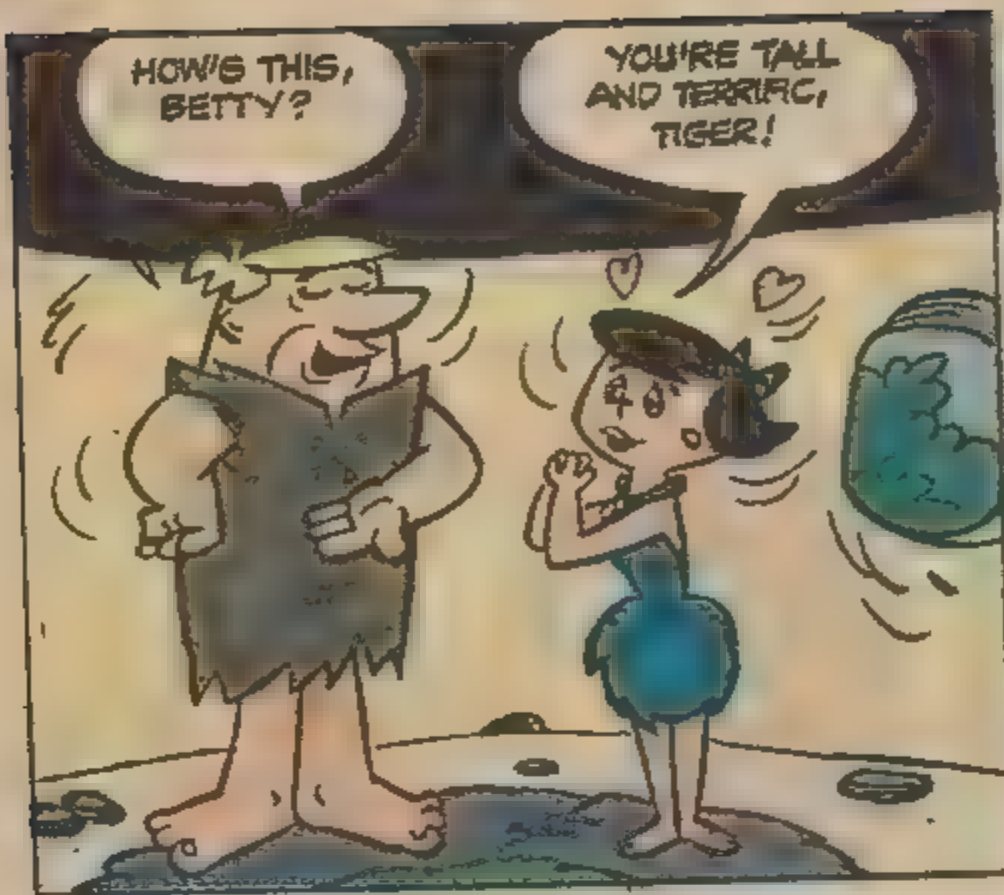


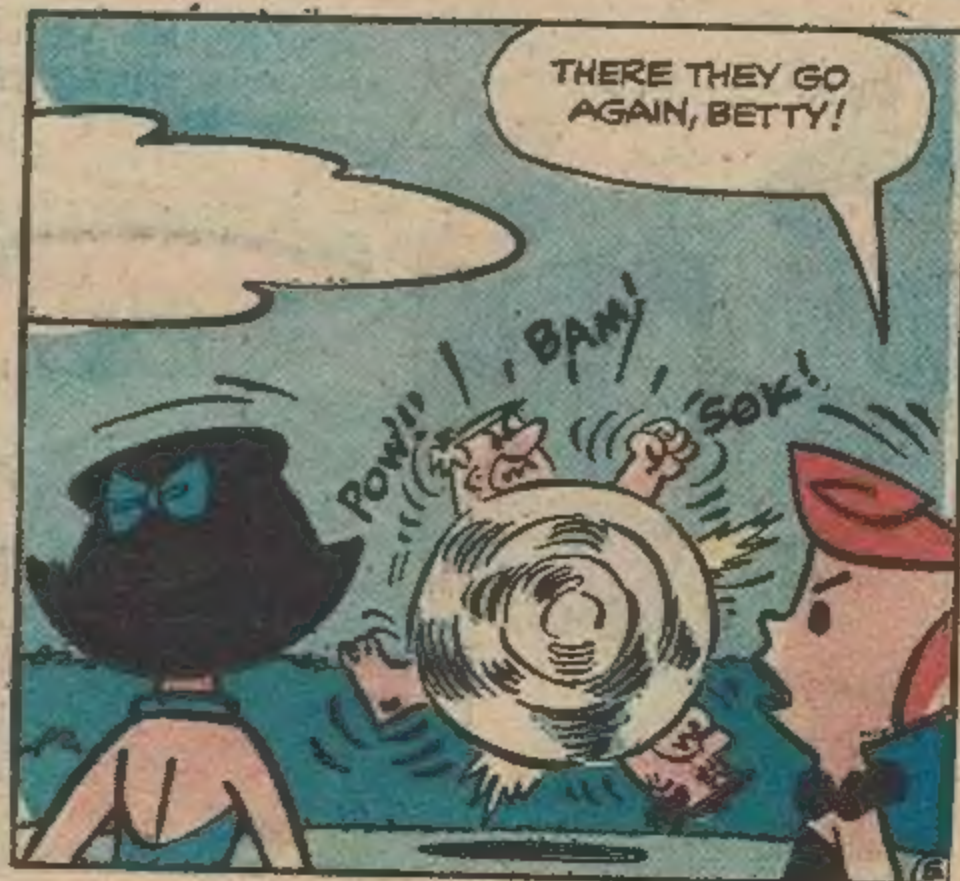
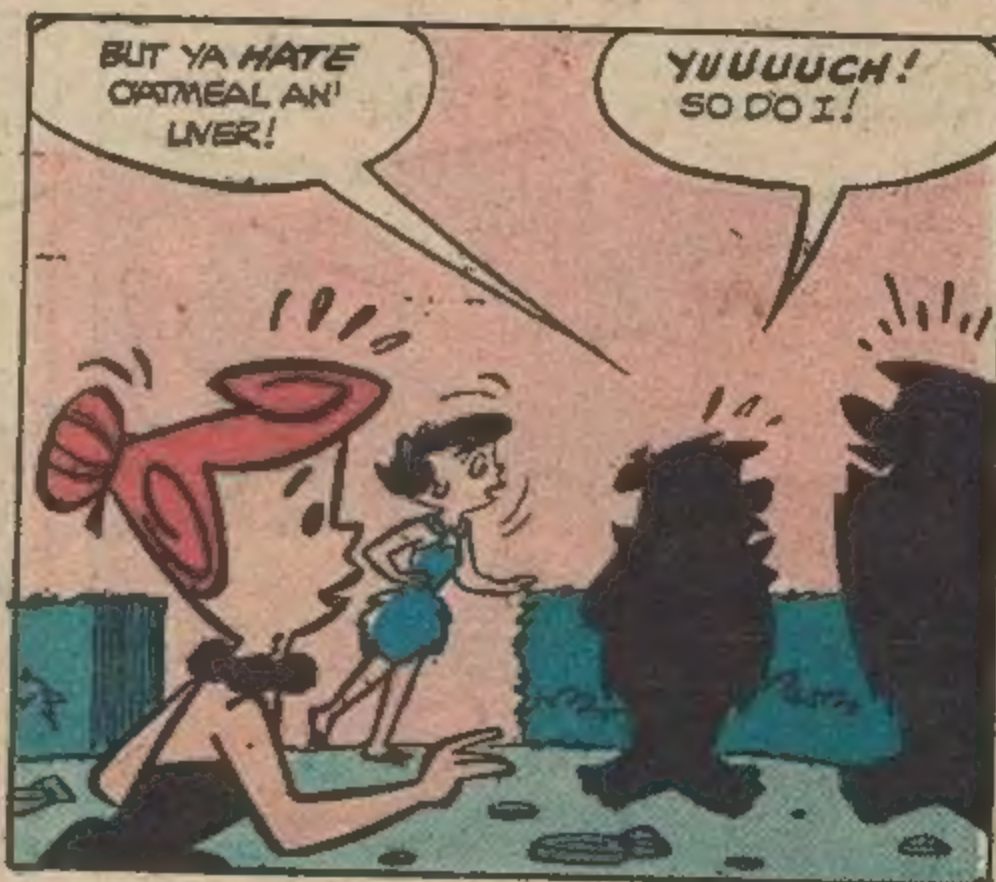
Barney & Betty **HIYA, SHORTY!**













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